

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY; IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, a sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety, the only test of fellow-ship or membership.
5. The right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

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OUR CHIP BASKET.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS NOT TO BE DESPISED.—“Once, when John Newton preached in a village, such was the indifference that only a handful come to hear him. But he was loyal to Christ, and gave the best he had. Among that little number was Thomas Scott. The sermon turned his thoughts toward the truth, and all the Christian influences of ‘Scott’s Commentary’ may be traced to that sermon.”

†††

THE MISER’S EXCUSE.—“My money is my own and I can do as I please with it. I have children and must provide for them.”—John Wesley answers: Here lies the ground of your mistake. It is not your own. It cannot be unless you are lord of heaven and earth. “However, I must provide for my children,” says the rich man,

to parry the blow. Certainly. But how? By making them rich, when you will probably make them heathens, as some of you have done already? Leave them enough to live on not in idleness and luxury, but by honest industry. And if you have no children, upon what scriptural or rational principle can you leave a groat behind you more than will bury you?

†††

GOOD FOR WHITE FOLKS AS WELL AS DARKIES.—An old colored preacher was asked how his church was getting on, and his answer was: “Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder.” “What is the trouble?” and he replied: “De ‘cieties, ‘cieties. Dey is jist drawin’ all de fatness and marrow out’en de body an’ bones ob de blessed Lord’s body. We can’t do nuffin’ widout de ‘ciety. Dar is de Lincum Ciety, wie Sister Jones an’ Brudder Brown to run it; Sister Williams mus’ march in front ob de Daughters of Rebecca. Den dare is de Dorcases: de Marthas, de Daughters of Ham, and de Liberian Ladies.” “Well, you have the brethren to help in the Church,” we suggested. “No, sah, sah, der am de Masons, de Odd Fellers, de Sons of Ham, and de Oklahoma Promised Land Pilgrims. Why, brudder, by de time, de brudders and sisters pays all de dues an’ ‘tends all de meetins’, dere is nuffin’ left for Mount Pisgah Church but jist de cob; de corn has all been shelled off an’ frowed to dese speckled chickens.”—Ex.

†††

A GOOD REASON.—Apropos of Matthew Arnold, it seems that his son Mat. had very decided opinions. One night the boy heard some one say that the moon was made of green cheese. Very quickly he said: “I don’t believe the moon is made of green cheese.” “Don’t you?” said his father. “Why not?” “O,” said the young gentleman, “I don’t know why; but I don’t.” “Well, for my part,” said his father, “I have no respect for people who give opinions for which they can give no reasons.” Young Mat. was very much mortified, and went off by himself, to hide his feelings. The next morning, as bright as possible, he greeted his father with this: “I know now why the moon is not made of green cheese. I found it in Genesis.” “Ah,” said Matthew Arnold, sr., “you have the advantage of me; I did not know the subject was mentioned in Genesis.” “O, yes, papa,” said the boy, “there is an account of the creation, and the moon was made before there were any cows.” So Matthew the younger triumph over Matthew the older.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Elon College Notes.

The rain during the past few days silenced the hammer, the saw and the pick-axe and work much needed to be done had to be suspended for the time being. But with the coming of sunshine, the work on campus and tower will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

Students are all very busy preparing for final examinations which begin next Friday. No one but a student at college knows how to appreciate that word examinations. It is something that must come and must be passed either “over” or “under.”

There are always some, am sorry to say, who will pass “under” or in other words “fall through.”

Teachers may beg and coax and lecture and teach all they can, still there are some students who are going to “fall through.” With these we greatly sympathize. We fear that in the great drama of life these same students will “fall through”—be weighed in the balances and found wanting. It takes energy, application, study, to make a good mark at school and it is generally for want of one or all of these that a student fails to pass. The same with regard to life with its toils and cares. He or she who has not the energy necessary for the acquiring of a respectable mark at school will in many instances find the same element of manhood and womanhood wanting when the great trials and difficulties and problems of life crowd thick and fast around.

Mr. John T. Moffitt and lady, of Asheboro. are visiting Dr. Herndon and wife, the parents of Mrs. Moffitt. Miss Valley Page of Morrisville is also visiting the same family and will remain up for some days. Miss Page will leave in September next as a missionary to the foreign field.

Next Sunday night the Y. M. C. A. will have a meeting in the chapel and several papers bearing on different phases of the mission work will be read by the students. Miss Page has also kindly consented to read a paper on that occasion.

Dr. long went over to Park’s Cross-roads Thursday to deliver an address at the close of the school at that place. On Sunday he had an appointment to preach at Ramseur, Randolph Co. Dr. Herndon was to have preached for us Sunday, but Mrs. Herndon, who has been unwell for some time was taken worse just before preaching time. Instead of a regular sermon we had a short song and prayer service.

The “spring fever” with its victims, have left, we believe, and all is now moving along smoothly at the college—looking for a greater day just beyond, i. e., commencement.

J. O. ATKINSON.

May 18, 1891.

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting--
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and
shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit.
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned.
And both forgiven through thy abounding
grace,
I find myself by hands familiar, beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expan-
sions
The river of thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

A Plea for the Christian Sabbath.

It is to be feared that the tendencies of the times, is to make the Sabbath a holiday rather than a holy day. God instituted the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship. God commanded man to keep his day, and on the purity of the Sabbath depends the intensity of our Christian worship. As the Sabbath day is kept holy, even so the religion of Christ will be kept fresh and green, and its spirit ever renewed in our mind because of the hallowed memories associated with this day. Accordingly the following propositions obtain. To obliterate the Sabbath is to cease to remember the resurrection of Jesus. To forget the resurrection of Jesus, is to forget that Jesus was divine. To refuse his divinity, is to reduce Christianity to a mere system of morals.

1. To obliterate the Sabbath, is to cease to remember the resurrection of Jesus. We speak of the Sabbath as the Christian Sunday. The above proposition seems evidently very probable, because of the intimate association of the resurrection of Jesus with the Sabbath or first day of the week. God instituted a day of rest and that day by virtue of common consent is the Sunday, observed in commemoration of the resurrection from the dead of our good Master, Jesus Christ. On his resurrection hang all our hopes of future existence with God; and the great key by which this spiritual clock is wound up is the constant recurrence of every seven days of a day of rest and cessation from labor. This day, one in seven, should be observed as a day of rest because God

commands it. Man needs it. The best machinery grows warm and must be left to cool off at least one day in seven or soon its inherent properties will be destroyed and that machinery will break. So man needs, and must have, rest, and God has arranged matters so as to meet that very want or need by the institution of the day of rest. Our most sacred memories of the resurrection of Jesus clusters about this day on which we overcome death and came forth a victor over the grave. To obliterate the day is to lose those memories and forget the great central pivot of all Christian worship, viz., Christ's resurrection.

2. To forget the resurrection of Jesus is to disclaim his divinity. It is true Jesus performed many wonderful miracles, such as turning water into wine, opening the eyes of the blind, cleansing the lepers, and raising the dead, but the great proof of his divinity was his own resurrection. If we cease to remember, if the world forget and disclaim his resurrection, other wondrous works of his will soon be attributed to the hands of a magician or sorcerer. But when the magician dies here ends his great works; but on the part of Jesus his death only made it possible for him to work the greatest of all his miracles, his own resurrection. That resurrection was the unquestionable proof of his divinity. Hence to forget his resurrection is to forget that Jesus was the divine son of God.

3. To refuse Jesus' divinity, is to reduce Christianity to a mere system of morals, the teacher of which was only great as Plato and Socrates were great. Thus Jesus and all his teachings will soon become nothing more to us than are other great men and their teachings. But as Voltaire once expressed it "as long as the Sabbath remains Christianity cannot be destroyed." We must cling to this day that God has appointed for rest and worship. We see then the danger that threatens the whole of our Christian system if the Sabbath be broken up and the sacred associations of that day be obliterated. This institution is threatened indeed and there are dangers arising every year that are growing more and more dangerous in their respects, as they proceed unchecked in their course.

In the early days of the Republic a respectful observance of Sunday prevailed everywhere. But in the busy and rush of this 19th century, men almost forget to eat and drink, as they keep at their business affairs, some too greedy for the possession of riches, the accumulation of wealth, others simply because they will not be outdone by other men of business, and yet others because their business drives them. One of the dangers, then, I would mention is the tendency of the American people to be so full of business and allow that to absorb all their attention and time. A second I would mention is a

danger that threatens the prosperity of the Sabbath is that growing out of prevalence of "Pleasure seeking," making the day a holiday instead of a holy day. Our great cities are cursed in this respect more than we are in rural districts. Excursion parties are made up weekly all through the summer season, and great companies go off for a frolic and general good time instead of going to worship.

The *N. Y. Independent* of a recent date says: A most disgraceful state of things exists on Sundays in some of the country districts near New York, where triars or boats take large and lawless crowds for base ball and other games and sports. The peaceable inhabitants are afraid to walk the streets or ride in the horse cars, and the noise of the ball grounds disturbs public worship." This state of things is very deplorable and it is a danger that is growing more threatening in its outlook.

Another danger is the running of Sunday trains for mail service, passenger or freight service. This action on the part of all the great railroad systems of the country is a danger that threatens, severely, the institution of the Lord's day.

4. That of the Sunday press, causing vast numbers of employers to fail of their attendance upon Christian services and deprive them even of their rest. Not only does it effect the printers and their immediate employers, but think of the train men employed in the mail service, the news boys to sell these papers and the people who read them rather than go to the Lord's house on that day.

There are yet many other dangers that threaten the Christian Sabbath, but I will mention only a few more. One is Sunday visiting (an unchristian practice if followed up) that drives from so many homes all hopes of rest on the Sabbath day and all hopes of a possible attendance on public worship.

This is to be deplored. Another matter that bear a share in the dangers that threaten the Lord's day is Sunday funerals. They ought to be discouraged and held only when it seems almost impossible to do otherwise. Pastors should discourage them. God said: "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." And just as little aside from Christian services should be crowded into this day as possible.

The Sabbath was not intended as a day of toil but of rest. It was not intended as a day of pleasure. To make it so would be a national calamity as great as were the plagues of Moses against Egypt. It is to be a day of rest, and thereby a civil Sabbath and more than this. It is to be a day on which, especially, we may minister to the life of the soul. There are other dangers I will leave that phase of the subject and look at some suggestions as to remedies.

Rev. Wilber F. Crafts the field secretary of the American Sabbath Union of N. Y., said in a recent article, "The right arm of our Union's work is to promote the religious Sabbath the left arm is to promote the civil Sabbath." It is the duty of us all as Christians to urge by our personal example the hallowing of the Lord's day. I would urge that then as one remedy for Sabbath breaking—personal example on the part of Christians. Let Christians keep this day sacred. Again, second, make our houses of worship more attractive and more inviting even to those who are indifferent to God's worship. Let this be done not at the expense of the spiritual work of the church but by taking advantage of all that will help us to win these indifferent Sabbath breakers to that which is more to their eternal interests. Another would be better legislation concerning the keeping of the civil Sabbath and through that the religious Sabbath.

5. A more strict enforcement of law. On many matters we have sufficient legislation but because there is not nerve enough and backbone in a community the laws are dead letters. A strict enforcement of the laws would inspire a general fear to violate them and the Sabbath would be maintained as other things are. Another remedy—more interest manifested on the part of Christians in the welfare of the unsaved. If more personal work were done and Christians were more willing to help do it, much could be accomplished that would result in saving many a Sabbath broken from his ruinous work. With what revulsion and with what pity we look upon that large class of persons in our day who would throw discredit upon the Lord's day. There are two things which the Christian and the Christian nation must never give up. The one is the Bible the other is the Sabbath.

When the great centennial exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they could keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went west and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but today old memories came back to me and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath." And he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous, "No," "No."

Let the nation pray that it may be so at the World's Fair at Chicago.

Bliss said: "I believe that while all time is

sacred it is expedient and wise to observe Sunday as a day of rest, refreshment and worship." Let us make the day inviting by using it to call out our better nature in every direction. Seek to be more cheerful on this day, and make those with whom you mingle feel its power for good. Let us so observe God's day and all his holy ordinances while in all his congregations here that by and by we may be received at God's right hand "where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths never end."

G. W. MORROW.

West Randolph, Vt.

"I Am My Own Master."

"I am my own master," says the young man. Well, be your own master, and sit down and have an earnest and plain talk with yourself. Ask yourself who you are, what you are, what you have been doing, what you are doing now, and what you propose or expect to do hereafter. Ask yourself what you have done to make the world wiser, or better or happier. Try to ascertain whether you have done the world harm or done it good, see if you have been of any real service to mankind, and how. What are you worth to the world in which you live? What great enterprise for the promotion of human interest would suffer by your death? How many would miss you or care whether you lived or died? You are one of fourteen hundred millions of human beings on earth. How much, and what sort of influence have you exercised on others? or have you, or do you exercise any influence worth notice?

You are your master. Does the master try to be a man, or is he content to be a mere cipher, an 0 in society? Has he sufficient self-respect to keep himself above all that is low, coarse, vulgar and bad? Does he always speak the truth—never use obscene nor profane language—never do a mean thing? Is he always regardful of age, respectful to equals and kind to inferiors? Does he labor earnestly to improve his mind, his morals and his manners; or, is he careless, idle and indifferent to such things? Does he spend much time in the company of idlers—smoking, drinking and foolish talking? If so, tell him—that master, of yours—he is on the wrong track, and if he does not switch himself off, there is surely a crash ahead, and no one to save the pieces, and when it comes, the verdict of the people will be, "served him right." He might have known it would come. He lived for it and he has it. You are your own master.

Better watch that master very closely—see that he forms no bad habits, keeps out of bad company, uses no improper language, is always engaged in some honest and useful pursuit, lives honestly, truthfully and usefully. If these and like things are well and faithfully attended to, then and then only

may you expect to be of any real service to the generation in which you live. Remember, there will be many obstacles to be overcome, many difficulties to be encountered, and many temptations to be resisted and many hard struggles between inclination and duty, so that you will have to put down all the force you can possibly command, but choose the right in all things and stick to it, and all will end well. It requires continued and earnest effort to be a true man, true in every sense of the word, and yet every man may be a true man if he will. With all the privileges granted, and all the advantages attainable, it still depends on the individual himself whether or no, he will be a true man.—*St. Louis Advocate.*

Holding Fast.

A Christian holding fast against the world, its spirit, and way, is like a man pulling a boat up stream when the waters are deep and the current strong. Whether in the boat or on the bank, pulling by a rope, he needs to pull always—a strong, steady, constant pull—that is it! He meets a great many people going down-stream; and they do not need to pull much—a touch of the helm now and again, and a dip of the oar is all they need. They are sailing on "the course of this world." They have time to sing, and heart to laugh, and pity, if not derision, to give to the poor fools whom they meet, and who are bending to the oar, or tugging at the rope to get the boat up stream. Sometimes a Christian is discouraged by observing that so many more seem to be going with the stream than seem to be going against it. He may be in a great measure mistaken in this.

Did you never observe that in walking along any ordinary road, or sailing up or down a river, you meet ten persons for every one who passes you? and if your speed is considerable you may meet a hundred while not one shall pass you, or even come up to your side. And so, faithful, onward going Christians sometimes have a feeling of loneliness. It seems as if all the world were against them, and one and another are tempted to say, "I only am left." And this feeling is apt to produce a slackening of the purpose and endeavor by which alone upward progress can continue. "Hold fast!" You are not so solitary as you imagine. You have not only good, but numerous companions. A "great multitude which no man can number" is following your steps. If faintness were to come over you, and your vessel were to slip down the stream, you would not go far unchallenged. Some friendly hand would throw a rope to you; some brother's voice would bid you be of good cheer. "Hold fast," then. Strive to be such that you can give help if need be, to others.—*Dr. A. Raleigh.*

"The Brilliancy of Religion."

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

Text: "The crystal cannot equal it."—Job, xxviii. 7.

Many of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job, in my text compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion and then looks at the crystal and pronounces the former as of superior value to the latter, exclaiming, in the words of my text, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not a part of my sermonic design to depreciate the crystal whether it be found in Cornish mine or Hartz mountain or Mammoth Cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandliers of a palace. The crystal is the star of the mountain; it is the queen of the cave; it is the eardrop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallographic. But I want to show you that Job was right when, taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all the people and to all the ages, declaring, "The crystal cannot equal it."

In the first place, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystalization, and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square, or it is a rectangle, or it is a rhomboid, or in some way it hath a mathematical figure. Now, religion beats that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact, God's law exact. God's decrees exact, God's management of the world exact—never counting wrong, though He counts the grass blades, and the stars, and the sands, and the cycles, His providences never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor lateral when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a sided prism. Born at the right time, dying at the right time. There are no "happen so's" in our theology. If I thought this was a slipshod universe I would go crazy. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government never frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just

happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for the day. It did not just happen that John Thomas, the missionary, on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. The barking of F. W. Robertson's dog, he tells us, led to a line of events which brought him from the army into the Christian ministry, where he served God with world renowned usefulness. It did not merely happen so. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Again I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it three thousand years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day; the crystal over the watch defending its delicate machinery, yet allowing us to see the hour; the crystal telescope, by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury!

But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque? Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned. There is no trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for wisdom, Lord, that our eyes might be opened. When the eye salve cures our blindness then we find that religion is transparent.

It is a transparent Bible. All the mountains of the Bible come out—Sinai, the mountain of the law, Pisgah, the mountain of the prospect; Olivet, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out—Hidekel, or the river of paradisaical beauty; Jordon, or the river of holy chrisim; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces, and the pure river of life from

under the throne, clear as crystal. While reading this Bible after our eyes have been touched by grace we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His two hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them—the bread, the rock, the captain, the commander, the conqueror, the star, and on and beyond any capacity of mine to rehearse them. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child, and why you lost your property; it was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came, it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence. And now you understand why they lied about you and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said: "I am the wheat, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ;" or the company of such men as Polycarp, who, when standing in the midst of the amphitheatre waiting for the lions to come out of their cave and destroy him, and the people in the galleries jeering and shouting: "The lions for Polycarp," replied: "Let them come on," and then stooped down toward the cave where the wild beasts were roaring to get out: "Let them come on." Ah, yes, it is persecution to put you in glorious company; and while there are many things that you will have to postpone to the future world for explanation, I tell you that it is the whole tendency of our religion to unravel and explain and interpret and illumine and irradiate. Job was right. It is a glorious transparency. "The crystal cannot equal it."

I remark again that religion surpasses the crystal in its beauty. That lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the crystallographer, and he sees in it indescribable beauty—snowdrift and splinter of hoar frost and corals and wreaths and stars and crowns and castellations of conspicuous beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is so beautiful, and that is the religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents that religion as the day break, as the apple blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It is the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their cross and not enough about their crown. Do you know the Bible mentions a cross but twenty-seven times, while it mentions a crown eighty times? Ask that old man what he thinks of religion. He has been a close observer. He has been culturing

an æsthetic taste. He has seen the sun-rises of half a century. He has been an early riser. He has been an admirer of cameos and corals and all kinds of beautiful things. Ask him what he thinks of religion, and he will tell you. "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw." "The crystal cannot equal it."

Beautiful its symmetry. When it presents God's character it does not present Him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of His nature, but makes that love in harmony with His justice—a love that will accept all those who come to Him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the sentiment it implants? Beautiful religion in the fact that it proposes to garland and enthrone and imparadise an immortal spirit. Solomon says it is a lily, Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed of the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliated cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job in the text takes up a whole vase of precious stones—the topaz, and the sapphire, and the chrysoprasus—and he takes out of this beautiful vase just one crystal, and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Oh, it is not a stale religion, it is not a stupid religion; it is not a toothless hag, as some seem to have represented it; it is not a Meg Merriles with shriveled arm come to scare the world. It is the fairest daughter of God, heiress of all His wealth. Her cheek the morning sky; her voice the music of the south wind, her step the dance of the sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come. Do you agree with Solomon and say it is a lily? Then pluck it and wear it over your heart. Do you agree with Paul and say it is a crown? Then let this hour be your coronation. Do you agree with the Apocalypse and say it is a springing fountain? Then come and slack the thirst of your soul. Do you believe with Ezekiel and say it is a foliage cedar? Then come under its shadow. Do you believe with Christ and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride? Then strike hands with your Lord the King while I pronounce you everlastingly one. Or if you think with Job that it is a jewel, then put it on your hand like a ring, on your neck like a bead, on your forehead like a star, while looking into the mirror of God's Word you acknowledge "the crystal cannot equal it."

Again religion is superior to the crystal in its transformations. The diamond is only a crystallization of coal. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes into cubes and octohedrons. Those crystals which adorn

our persons and our homes and our museums have only been resurrected from forms that were far from lustrous. Scientists for ages have been examining these wonderful transformations. But I tell you in the gospel of the Son of God there is a more wonderful transformation. Our souls by reason of sin black as coal and hard as iron God by His comforting grace stoops and says, "They shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels."

"What," say you, "will God wear jewelry?" If He wanted He could make the stars of heaven His belt and have the evening clouds for the sandals of His feet, but He does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wants jewelry He comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystallizations of mercy. He puts them on, and He wears them in the presence of the holy universe. He wears them on the hand that was mailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. "They shall be Mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up My jewels." Wonderful transformation! "The crystal cannot equal it." There she is, the waif of the street, but she shall be a sister of charity. There he is, a sot in the ditch, but he shall preach the gospel. There, behind the bars of a prison, but he shall reign with Christ forever. When sin abounded grace shall much more abound. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, I have no liking for those people who are always enlarging in Christian meetings about their early dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brothers. Simply say you were sick, but make no display of your ulcers. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seems to be their early crimes and dissipations. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor prayer meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or stole anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up. Out of infernal serfdom into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the gospel will not be seen in this world, and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul then you will see the crystals. Oh, what a magnificent setting of these jewels of eternity! I sometimes hear people representing heaven in a way that is far from attractive to me. It seems almost a vulgar heaven as they represent it, with great blotches of color and bands of music making a deafening racket. John represents heaven as exquisitely beautiful. Three crystals. In one place he says, "Her light was like a precious stone,

clear as crystal." In another place he says, "I saw a pure river from under the throne, clear as crystal."

In another place he says, "Before the throne there was a sea of glass clear as crystal." Three crystals! John says crystal atmosphere. That means health. Balm of eternal June. What weather after the world's east wind! No rack of storm clouds. One breath of that air will cure the worst tubercle. Crystal light on all the leaves. Crystal light shimmering on the topaz of the temples. Crystal light tossing in the plumes of the equestrians of heaven on white horses. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal river. That means joy. Deep and ever rolling. Not one drop of the Thames or the Hudson or the Rhine to soil it. Not one tear of human sorrow to imbitter it. Crystal, the rain out of which it was made. Crystal, the bed over which it shall roll and ripple. Crystal, its infinite surface. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal sea. That means multitudinously vast. Vast in rapture. Rapture vast as the sea, deep as the sea, strong as the sea, ever changing as the sea. Billows of light. Billows of beauty, blue with skies that were never clouded and green with depths that were never fathomed. Arctics and Antarcotics and Mediterraneans and Atlantics and Pacifics in crystalline magnificence. Three crystals—crystal light falling on a crystal river; crystal river rolling into a crystal sea. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

"Oh," says some one, putting his hand over his eyes, "can it be that I who have been in so much sin and trouble will ever come to those crystals?" Yes, it may be—it will be. Heaven we must have, whatever else we have or have not, and we come here to get it. "How much must I pay for it?" you say. You will pay for it just as much as the coal pays to become the diamond. In other words, nothing. The same Almighty power that makes the crystals in the mountains will change your heart which is harder than stone, for the promise is, "I will take away your stony heart and I will give you a heart of flesh."

"Oh," says some one, "it is just the doctrine I want. God is to do everything, and I am to do nothing." My brother, it is not the doctrine you want. The coal makes no resistance. It hears the resurrection voice in the mountain, and it comes from crystallization, but your heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is the coal wants to stay coal. I do not want you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop bolting it and baring it. Oh, my friends, we will have to get rid of our sins. What will we do with our sins among the three crystals? The crystal atmosphere would display our pollution. The crystal river would be befouled by our touch. The crystal sea would overwhelm us with its glis-

tening surge. Transformation now or no transformation at all.

Give sin a full chance in your heart and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of a crystal it will be a cinder. In the days of Carthage a Christian girl was condemned to die for her faith, and a boat was bedaubed with tar and pitch and filled with combustibles and set on fire, and the Christian girl was placed in the boat, and the wind was off shore and the boat floated away with its precious treasure. No one can doubt that boat landed at the shore of heaven.

Sin wants to put you in a fiery boat and shove you off in an opposite direction—off from peace, off from God, off from heaven, everlastingly off; and the port toward which you would sail would be the port of darkness and the guns that would greet you would be the guns of despair, and the flags that would wave at your arrival would be the black flags of death. O, my brother, you must either kill sin or sin will kill you. It is no wild exaggeration when I say that any man or woman that wants to be saved may be saved. Tremendous choice! A thos and people are choosing this moment between salvation and destruction, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell, between charred ruin and glorious crystalization.

A Mohammedan at Worship.

I Know of no religious spectacle more impressive than that of a barefooted Turk standing erect on his prayer-rug with his face towards Mecca and his eyes looking straight into the eyes of his God. It is not a duty with him, nor a formality, nor the maintenance of a time honored custom. It is his very life. Watch him as he enters this wretched interior of Bania-bashie, with its scaling and crumbling walls, and its broken windows, through which the doves fly in and out. Outside, at the trickling fountain, he has washed his feet and face and hands, bathing his throat and smothering his beard with his wet fingers. He is a rough, broad shouldered, poorly clad man in fez and skirt, his waist girt with a wide sash ragged and torn. He is perhaps a "hammal a man who carries great weights on his back—a human beast or burden. His load, whatever it may be, is outside in the court. His hourly task is his daily bread; but he has heard the shrill cry from the minaret up against the sky and stops instantly to obey.

He enters the sacred building with his shoes in his hands. These he leaves at the edge of the mat. Now he is on holy ground. Advancing slowly, he halts half way across the floor, and then stands erect. Before him is a blank wall; beyond it the tomb of prophet. For a moment he is perfectly still his eyes closed, his lips motionless. It is as if he stood in the antechamber of Heaven

awaiting recognition. Then next instant he is on his knees, and stretching out his hands, prostrates himself, his forehead pressed to the floor. This solitary service continues for an hour. The man stands erect one moment, with a movement as if he said, "Command me; I am here." The next moment he is prostrate in obedience. Then he backs slowly out out, and noiseless regains his shoes, bends his back to his burden, and keeps on his way, his face having lost all its tired hunted look.—*Hopkinson Smith in the May Century.*

SUN RISE GLEAMS.

A good conscience is a continual feast, and a peaceful mind the antepast of heaven.

Those who would go to heaven when they die, must begin their heaven while they live.—*Henry.*

In Norway there is a law forbidding the marriage of any girl until she can prove her ability to bake, spin and knit.

If you have any faith, give me, for heaven's sake, a share of it! Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have plenty of my own.—*Gothie.*

Many in this world run after felicity like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, while all the time it is on his head or in his hand.—*Sydney Smith.*

Be our days many, or be they few, from any burden which God may see fit to lay upon us, our life may gain not only contentment but grandeur and nobleness.

We get back our mete as we measure;
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and get pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
—*Alice Cary.*

We do not shake off our yesterdays and sustain no further relation to them; the follow us, they constitute our life, and they give accent and force and meaning to our present deeds.—*Joseph Parke.*

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—*John Ruskin.*

It is not wise to fret under our trials; the high mettled horse that is restive in the yoke but galls his shoulder; the poor bird that dashes herself against the bars of the cage but ruffles her feathers, and aggravates the sufferings of the captivity.—*Guthrie.*

Yes the great idea of undivided church, completely fused and compacted by love and by trust, came down from heaven; but the treasure was received in earthen vessels, which could not contain it; the vessels broke, and the treasure was lost.—*Archbishop Thompson.*

A piccolo player at a rehearsal stopped playing, thinking his instrument would not be missed in the crash of cymbals, but Sir Michael Costa hushed the music of the whole orchestra, missing him. So God may be waiting and listening now for music which is in our heart, and within our power to waken.—*Christian Advocate.*

"Young man, you don't know your privileges," said a venerable Christian woman to a young man who was then struggling with the great problem of hope, and was for the most part in the state of despair. "You say that you believe in Christ. Very well. Why not, then, believe the promise that God has made to you through Christ, and at once hope for heaven?"

Worship is the free offering of ourselves to God, ever renewed because ever imperfect. It expresses the consciousness that we are his by right, yet we have not duly passed into his hand; that the soul has no true rest but in him, yet has wandered in strange fields till its wing is tired. It our effort to return home, the surrender again of our narrow self-will, our prayer to be merged in a life diviner than our own.—*Martineau.*

The number of suicides by pupils of German gymnasia, especially in Berlin, on account of a failure to pass the examinations for an advanced class, has increased to such an alarming extent that the Prussian Cultus Minister, v. Gossler, has addressed a public letter to teachers and parents on this subject. He urges them to a better education, morally and physically, of the pupils, and to a greater regard for the individual weaknesses and character of the different pupils. He appeals to both home and school to work together for this end.

Send out the light, the way is dark before me,
The path my love has moulded out for me;
Send out thy light, that I may see thy footsteps
Calming the weaters of life's restless sea.

Send out thy light, the clouds are dark above me,
Gathering from the tempest from an angry sea;
Send out thy lights, that I may see the storm-drops
Which fell from the dear hand, once pierced for me.

Send out thy light, and lead me, Father, lead me,
Beyond this darkness, so row, and unrest;
Send out thy light, and guide me, worn and weary,
To the calm shelter of my Saviour's breast.

A Gem from "The Ram's Horn."

The *Ram's Horn* is the unmusical title of a religious weekly; but we find in it this very good specimen of Unitarianism: "Before you undertake to pray the Lord's Prayer very loud in church, be sure that you are not selling goods with a thirty-five-inch yardstick or potatoes with a seven-quart peck-measure."—*Christian Register.*

THE PASTORS' PAGE.

"Plan your work, and work your plan."

Letter From Jonesboro, N. C.,

The work in my field is quite encouraging, I have charge of Poplar Branch, Grace Chapel, and the church at Winder.

POPLAR BRANCH

had been without a pastor several months previous to my going there. At the request of Rev. W. G. Clements and the church I tried to preach there the latter half of last year. When I took the pastoral charge the work was almost abandoned and given up. I went to work in earnest, and we had a good meeting. From that time the church took courage to go forward, and my efforts in trying to build up this work have been blessed greatly. My first pastoral work was done there and it seems very much like home to me. As I was a new beginner, most of the people were charitable enough to over-look all my mistakes and worked faithfully; though some people still think that a young minister ought not to make any mistakes at all. Surely the master has been with us and blessed the work to his own glory. Rev. E. T. Iseley preached for me there the first Sunday in May, holding communion services and ordaining two deacons. I have heard his sermons complemented very highly a number of times. His visit was appreciated by both the congregation and the pastor.

GRACE CHAPEL

is doing very well, considering the opposition we have to meet there from those who ought to be our friends and help us. In the opinion of the leading members, the church is in a better condition for action than it has been for some time before. On a recent visit one of the deacons who lives some distance stated in an address to the Sunday school that there was much more interest taken in the work now than had been the case in a long time; and also that it was very gratifying to him to see so many improvements all for the better. He is a splendid Sunday school worker, and these compliments coming from the source they did, were very encouraging to the present Superintendent who has labored so faithfully in this work. These compliments seem to have been uttered in quite a contradiction to a report that the work was lagging. Brethren, pray that those who thus oppose a good work may have their hearts filled with enough divine grace to enable them to "cease to do evil and learn to do well."

The house of worship will be finished and dedicated this year. Rev. J. W. Patton did some efficient preaching for us there the second Sunday in May. Communion services were held Sunday night, in which many took part. Bro. Patton made a good impression and many lasting friends on his visit to Grace Chapel. The church house at

WINDER

was completed within three months after I went there this year. I found this house a mere hulk without any means of heating whatever. It is now completed and well heated. Previous to these improvements worship in cold weather was impossible. A large, nice grove of beautiful trees has been set all around the front and sides very recently.

This church is an ornament to our people and is doing much good in the town and community. It will be dedicated soon. The labors of Rev. D. F. Jones are still felt at Grace Chapel and Winder. Truly the bread which he cast upon the waters has been found after many days.

May 16 1891.

P. T. Way.

Windsor, Va., Letter.

Died, at the residence of his daughter, May 13, in Isle of Wight county, Jack Boykin, aged 87 years. "Uncle Jack" was a very worthy member of Mt. Carmel church, having joined the organization there about twenty years ago. The week before his death he spent at Smithfield, Va., visiting his son. He was sick only a short time. With an active mind, a vigorous constitution, he held to life a long time. His life reached out beyond fourscore years. Uncle Jack seldom missed a church service. Of a quiet and humble disposition he appeared to follow Jesus faithfully. The journey to the dear old traveller was long, tiresome, and full of hardship and toil, but he reached it in peace, "safe in the arms of Jesus." His funeral was preached at the church by the writer in the presence of many friends and relatives. I stated that "Uncle Jack seldom missed a church service." O, how I wish this could be said about all the professors of religion who are able to attend service! How I wish it could be said about all whose funerals I have preached. There are so many church members who appear to be better satisfied the longer they stay from the service of the church. They are often too feeble to go; the day or night on which service is held is too cold, too warm, or too damp. The sweet, soft inviting tones of the bell have no music for them, it has lost its charms; and they think, "Where is the blessedness I knew when first I saw the Lord." These same professors, I notice, are not afraid to go out on a rainy day to attend to business engagements, they are not afraid of the cold wind when pressing demands say, "go;" they are always ready to go to entertainments and feasts and social gatherings, when anything "new" comes along it seems to drive away all pain, cold, sickness, trouble, and every excuse; but when the prayer meeting night comes, when the Sunday school bell rings, when the hour for preaching arrives, they do not feel like going, and scores of them do not go either. How many, O how many really love and enjoy the religion they profess to have? "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." "Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." To all who have been neglecting their duty to themselves and their God, I would whisper in Christian love: "Enter the service of the Lord a new, a fresh, and let the balance of your precious life be passed in working for Jesus." Remember that, "Time is short." O, how fast we are borne on the swift wings of time! As you rise higher and higher in your eternal flight, try, yes, try to soar on up to immortal glory and endless day.

Mrs. Margaret Bracy died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Holland, near Isle of Wight court house, April 30, 1891; after a lingering illness, in her 76th year. Sister Bracy had been a most devoted and faithful member of the Methodist church over 50 years. For sometime she was not well enough to meet at the house of God for wor-

ship, but did not forget to wait upon the Lord at home, where she found him precious to her soul. Long she waited, and endured affliction patiently, until taken away from the sufferings of earth to a peaceful, happy home in Heaven. Weep not, dear children, your mother is not dead but sleepeth.

J. T. Kitchen.

May 18, 1891.

News from the Virginia Valley.

I come to you tonight in fulfilment of my promise, though painfully realizing that it is much easier to promise than perform; unless the spirit be taken for the deed. This note of news from the Valley leaves me nearly prostrate, and I do not believe I could stand up to the strain of the past month for ten days more. But being warned by the sad, yea, overwhelming calamity that has befallen us in the sudden taking off of dear Bro. Ricks, I intend to let up, and do what I can and leave the rest with God.

I met the Antioch church in their 3d quarterly meeting on the ninth. There was a splendid turn out of the members, with several that live away at a distance with us, which was cause for rejoicing. Our deliberations were very loving; and pleasant; only two things prevented our cup of joy from being full. One was the absence of our true and tried veteran deacon, Father Burkholder and also his wife. The infirmity of age and rheumatism kept them away. At the close of our quarterly, I gave the church notice that I did not feel able to stand the present strain upon me, and that they might make suitable arrangements to secure a pastor when my year expired in Sept. 1891.

I do not think any man can do these churches justice and divide his time with the churches in Page as I have had to do to receive a support. Sabbath morning our congregation was large, and a solemn joyous time was had at our Master's table. Deacons Lineweaver, (our wheelhorse) Swank and deacon Sipe, with your humble servant waited on the communicants. At 3:0 P. M. we met at the water and two dear young sisters dedicated themselves to the Lord by baptism. Today I reached Linville and now am almost unable to get to or from my room.

I have no arrangements made for the future after my present engagement terminates, but hope that if it be God's will, and for the good of his cause that He will open up the way, by which I may enter fully into the Evangelistic field, and to that end I am ready to correspond with any Conference that needs a revivalist to devote his entire time to such work. Last Sabbath I baptized my 1,443d candidate in twenty years and nearly eleven months, of my humble ministry.

Baptism and communion at Bethlehem next Sabbath, and then at Linville on the 4th Sabbath. I expect to go to my home in the old Keystone State and be there over the 5th Sabbath in May.

Hoping Bro. Barrett that you have been restored to your usual health, and that you will accept the enclosed \$2, as an evidence of my desire for the SUN's success.

I remain as ever, thine in Christ.

D. A. BARNEY.

Address Lacey Springs, Va.
Linville Va., May 11th, 1891.

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1891.

REV. J. PRESSLEY BARRETT, D. D., Editor.

FIELD NOTES.

Do send us your subscription—it will aid us just now.

†††

"A Plea for the Christian Sabbath" in this issue ought to have many careful readers.

†††

The pastor hopes to be at his appointments at Providence and Berea, Norfolk Co., Va., next Sabbath.

†††

Let us have your renewal, if it is due, at once. The date on the printed label shows when your time is out.

†††

Elon College Commencement June 2, and 3—will soon be here. Get ready. Reduced rates are promised on the R. & D. R. R.

†††

"The Little Pilgrim" on page 172 of this issue is a pathetic story in rhyme. Do not be surprised if your eyes moisten as you read.

†††

Thanks to friends at Wake Forest College for a handsome and unique card of invitation to the commencement which takes place early in June.

†††

It will pay the young man who has declared that he means to be his own master, to read in this issue the article under the head—"I am my own Master."

†††

"The Brilliancy of Religion" by Dr. Talmage in this issue will find many readers, especially among those who have to stay at home next Sabbath instead of going to church. Dr. T.'s sermons are fresh and stirring, and the people follow his word-painting sermons with pleasure.

†††

Quite a controversy sprung up in Durham recently about the good of "societies" in the church, such as the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U. and others. Well, there are two sides to the question, one of which is given forcibly in "Our Chip Basket" in the words of an old colored preacher—see first page.

†††

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the advertisement of the *Literary Digest*. We only wish to say that we regard it the finest publication of the kind which we have ever seen, and we commend it especially to people

who read and think. It is richly worth twice its price—it is a handsome weekly of 32 pages—\$3 a year, and published by Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y. City.

†††

Christian Thought is an excellent periodical. Published bi-monthly \$2 a year published by W. B. Ketcham, 13 Cooper Union N. Y. city, and edited by Dr. Chas. F. Deems, a man of great learning and extensive usefulness.

†††

The King's Daughters of North Carolina met in Raleigh last week and had a delightful season in the Master's work. Next week we expect to publish the address of welcome by Mrs. J. L. Foster, and the response by Miss Clara Albright of Greensboro, together with the annual address of Miss Bettie Carter, the State Secretary. Among the delegates was Mrs. P. R. Harden, of Graham, of the Christian church.

†††

It is very important that every member of the "Board of Trustees" of Elon College should attend the approaching meeting. Those coming from the Eastern Virginia should come through on Monday's train, June 1, making connection at Raleigh for the college. The prosperity of the first year's work makes it highly important that the plans for another year should be well matured by a full Board.

†††

The editor of the *SUN* expects to leave today for Virginia for a few days recreation. His condition improves slowly. He returns thanks to all who have helped to keep the paper agoing during his sickness. This is the first time in nine years that a single issue of the *SUN* has appeared without editorial work from his hand. At or away from home, sick or well, he has never failed in a single instance to fill his place as editor, in part or in whole, till four weeks ago, and even in these four weeks of sickness he has kept an eye on the work whenever he could command the strength to do so, even for a few minutes.

†††

The *Wilmington Daily Messenger* comes out in the old blanket style under its new management. Our good friend, Dr. T. B. Kingsbury, is still the able editor of this excellent paper. It is one of the few secular papers in North Carolina which serves its readers each Sabbath with editorial matter suitable for Sunday reading. We like the idea, and always enjoy what Dr. Kingsbury writes. His pen sends forth no foolishness neither does he spend his strength in trying to be witty, but to be conservative and sensible. We regard cheap wit, and especially labored efforts at wit, as indicating vast resources in the way of intellectual weakness.

God and His Workmen.

The past few months have been singularly remarkable for the number of deaths, especially of public men. The Christian Church, in the South, has shared in this fatality and has been called to mourn the loss of two of her prominent ministers.

Perhaps at no time in our experience, as the editor of the *SUN*, have we seen our people so deeply touched, so melted down under affliction as in the losses we have so recently sustained. Many have been the letters which have come to this office overflowing with grief. Among them was one from a layman, who felt the loss so keenly that he almost involuntarily asked: What will the Christian Church do for preachers? We made him no answer, at the time. We remember that some one has said that God buries his workmen, but carries on his work. That is true. The cause we love is not dependent on any man or set of men in any generation.

The work is God's and if he takes the workmen away, he will put others in their places and the work will go forward, on to victory and glory. If the battle the church is fighting were man's battle, then we might feel alarmed as we see noble soldiers of the Cross falling, but the battle is God's, and he has a world from which to draw fresh recruits. If the church will do its parts we shall be well supplied with workmen. The harvest is great and the laborers were few, even before the fall of Bros. Barrett and Ricks. That is true also, but bear in mind that we have thirteen young men preparing for the ministry, including one of the young professors, at Elon College. Of these, three will start out the first week in June, well equipped and qualified as young ministers for the great work. Where we recently had two to fall, we shall soon have three active, strong, well educated, godly young men, to step in and fill up our broken ranks. God be praised for this prospect and this much encouragement. Let the prayers of the church go up to Him that the young men may have a double portion of the spirit and mind of Christ and go forth to battle for the cause of the Master with power from on high.

God's bountiful hand must give the church its ministry, and while he reigns we do not fear for the safety of His cause.

Dedications.

The new house of worship at Berea, Nansemond Co., Va., is to be dedicated the second Sunday in June. We do not know who is to preach the sermon.

The Christian Church at Durham is to be dedicated the first Sunday in June, Rev C. J. Jones, D. D., preaching the sermon.

PERSONALS.

WAY.—The news in this issue from Rev. P. T. Way, is encouraging and speaks well for his work.

GUNTER.—Thanks to Master Eugene Gunter for a card of invitation to the Jonesboro High School, May 28, 29.

NEWMAN.—Rev. N. G. Newman will return to Virginia, early in June, and take work in the Eastern Virginia Conference. He graduates at Elon College June 3. He is a most promising young man.

BARNEY.—Rev. D. A. Barney has notified the Virginia Valley churches that he cannot serve them another year. We shall need some active, prudent, hard working man to go to that field. Who is the man?

ARNOLD.—In "Our Chip Basket" (see first page) will be found an anecdote of Matthew Arnold and his boy. The boy displayed such uncommon sense in answering his father that we want every SUN reader to see it.

PEEL.—Rev. C. C. Peel, we understand, preached at Burlington the second Sunday and greatly pleased the people. Last Sabbath he preached at Reidsville, and we have no doubt with like results. He graduates June 3.

HURLEY.—Rev. M. L. Hurley of Franklin, Va., is still in bad health. He has reduced in weight from 190 pounds to 116 pounds. He expects to spend several weeks at the Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va., after the second Sunday in June. We sincerely hope he may find great relief.

HERNDON.—We regret to hear of the illness of Mrs. W. T. Herndon. Dr. Herndon was in Raleigh, May 15, on his way to Liberty, Vance county, N. C., when he was telegraphed for to return to the College on account of the sudden illness of Mrs. H. Our Elon College Notes tells of her further illness. May the Lord graciously spare and restore this noble woman to health.

BARRETT.—The venerable Rev. S. S. Barrett, of Berkley, Va., occupied the pulpit at Antioch, Isle of Wight Co., Va., last Sabbath in the absence of the pastor. It had been many years since he was there and he said there were very few familiar faces; the most of the older members have passed away. A private letter from one of the deacons reports the services as of a highly interesting and enjoyable character.

LONG.—The Rev. W. S. Long, D. D., will preach a Memorial sermon in the Methodist church at Burlington, N. C., next Sunday

at 11 o'clock upon the life and labors of Rev. R. A. Ricks, who died so suddenly in that pulpit four weeks ago. We hope Dr. Long will favor the SUN with a copy for publication. He has a worthy subject and we doubt not that the sermon will do justice to the memory of the lamented dead.

SCHOLZ.—Mr. Herbert Scholz of Wake county, N. C., will be the first layman in the Christian church to graduate at Elon College, a distinction of which we trust he may be proud to the day of his death. He is a young man of fine mind and gives great promise of usefulness as a layman. We congratulate him on the high stand he has maintained in his classes all through his college course. Our best wishes attend him.

ATKINSON.—Prof. J. O. Atkinson of Elon College has after a long and careful consideration decided to enter the ministry of the Christian church and will be licensed during Elon College commencement by the Executive Committee of the N. C. and Va., Christian Conference. Prof. Atkinson is a full graduate of Wake Forest College and one of the first young men in North Carolina. He has had quite a struggle with his call to the ministry, but having settled the question he feels very happy in his decision. He will begin work at once and the church which secures his services may count itself as highly favored. He is a fine talker—in fact an orator—and a young man whose personal character is above reproach. The SUN extends him a hearty welcome to the ranks of the Christian ministry.

Rev. Robert Anthony Ricks.

He went into his pulpit last Sunday in Burlington, N. C., perfectly well, and at half past eleven o'clock arose and read his first hymn, lesson, and prayed, then beginning to read his second hymn and continuing till he had perhaps read two thirds of it, and then dropped back in his chair and was dead in a few seconds, without time even to speak a single word. This doubtless was a grand day for Brother Ricks, for he was taken from labor to reward. How beautifully this soldier's life ended, for he was permitted in health to work right up to the end of his pilgrimage and to fall at his post for the Master's cause.

Previous to this day, Brother R. had been indisposed, but had gotten entirely well. His dear wife said he was bright and cheerful that morning, and if any difference he was more fluent than usual. Bro. R. loved the Christian church and will be missed in the Convention, at the conference, and by the dear little churches at Reidsville and Burlington. The Master's work was prospering at these places under the labors of our dear brother, but alas! they are without a pastor.

"The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The brighter crown shall wear."

And is not he who calls them home,
Still to his church most nigh?
To bid the other laborers come,
And all her needs supply!"

May the good Lord overrule and sanctify the death of Bro. Ricks to the good of these churches, and grant unto them another pastor who will with untiring effort push the work to completion, which was so auspiciously begun under the labors of Bro. R. Oh, God bless these dear churches and may they weep not, but rather rejoice at their pastor's triumph, and still realize that God is love.

On Monday morning after the fourth Sunday in April, I was shocked by the intelligence of Brother Rick's death. As the mail train of the above day passed, I joined the heart broken wife and mourning friends as they went down to Mt. Auburn, Warren county, N. C., to lay our dear brother's remains in this church cemetery, there to rest until the Final day. On Tuesday at 1 p. m. we went from brother T. J. Haskins' the father-in-law of our deceased brother, to the church and found the house beautifully decorated and draped. Consisting of crape, weeping willows rich and beautiful flowers. The house was crowded to overflowing; the singing was as appropriate as I ever heard; the funeral by the writer, Text. "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Philippians 1:21. After the sermon the remains were taken by brethren of the Masonic Fraternity and deposited in the grave.

This was one of the saddest occasions that I ever witnessed, and surely the congregations will never forget what a heart rending scene it was, when his own dear wife came and knelt down by his cold body to look on his face, which was so natural for it had been embalmed, for the last time. There were four of Bro. R's Masonic brethren from Franklin, Va., present at the funeral and burial. Viz., Dr's. Cobb, Stephenson, and Bros. Norfleet, Magee. Bro. R. was held in high esteem by his Masonic brethren. Bro. R. was a fine sermonizer and an excellent preacher a good writer, and he manifested considerable interest in the cause of Missions as was shown by a paper he submitted to E. V. C. C. which was afterward put into print. Bro. R's death came like a sudden storm.

"The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his fame,
He fell but felt no fear."

Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field;
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath the red cross shield."

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!"

P. T. KLAPP.

Youngsville, N. C., May 1, 1891.

May 3d was a busy day for me. Preached at 10:31, A. M., to a crowded house at Newhope, then to the river where I baptized 15 happy believers with Christ in baptism. The audience was variously estimated at from 6 to 8 hundred. From there to Naumans at 4:30 P. M., and then at Ingham at 8 P. M., necessitating a walk of 17 miles and three sermons.

I closed my labors with the congregation at Newport, Naumanse, Ingham and probably at Shenandoah City. I will have two more appointments with the Leaksville church, as they are straining every nerve to complete their house prior to my leaving them.

D. A. BARNEY.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Have you seen any of the cousins lately? I declare you must not stop writing because Uncle Barry is sick. He likes to see your letters if he is not able to write to you. You must not like to have a stranger talk to you. Well, I would not have done so this week but Uncle Barry insisted. He is now able to be around and do a little work. He will, I think, be all right soon then we all will be glad. Let us pray for him. I think and I know that our Father in Heaven answers the prayers of his children, and of course you all are little Christians. I would be so sorry to know that any of the little readers of the SUN are not Christians. To be a sinner you do not have to do something awful bad or mean but a little thing, if it is naughty, makes a black mark for you on the white page in God's book of remembrance, and it will always be followed by more and worse things. You notice the little plants that come through the ground after the seed is planted and you see that it is so little and tender at first that it is so easy to destroy, but you wait and watch a while and you will see it has grown stronger and stronger. Just so it is with a bad habit. At first it is little and weak and easy to break, but it soon grows to be big and strong. Especially is this true of the habit of drinking wine. You may not like it at first but it becomes a habit that leads to worse things as you grow older. Here is a warning from a glass Uncle Barry handed me for you. I hope you will read it and follow its teaching:

THE WINE GLASS.

There's danger in the glass. Beware lest it enslave. They who have drained it find, alas! Too often early graves. It sparkles to allure, With its rich, ruby light! There is no antidote or cure, Only its course to fight. It changes men to brutes; Makes women bow their heads; Fills homes with anguish, want, disputes, And takes from children bread. Then dash the glass away, and from the serpent flee; Drink pure, cold water day by day And walk God's

FOOTSTOOL FREE!

—Selected

Cordially,
UNCLE TANGLE.

ELWOOD, Va., May 1, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I have been reading the SUN and enjoy the letters so much I thought I would write myself. I have been going to school, but am at home now at work.

Papa is dead and mamma is afflicted. She had a severe attack of sickness soon after papa's death, and it has left her helpless. She can walk now with a stick. I am eleven years old, the oldest of seven children. I have one little sister; she is a beauty. Papa was a deacon at Holy Neck. I go there to Sunday school now when I can. I remember your last visit here when you called yourself the hungry preacher. We would be glad to see you now if you were hungry.

Yours affectionately,
ELISHA RAWLS DARDEN.

My boy, we are glad to hear from you. We hope you are trying, like the little man you are, to fill your father's place and that you are one of the boys the verses in the Corner last week told about.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., May 9, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As I have not written to the BAND in a long time, I thought I would write a few lines this morning. I am going to school to Miss Bettie Couch, and I like to go very much. I have had a bad chance to go to Sunday school ever since I left Damascus. I have not had any chance to make money for the BAND, pa said he would give me some as soon as he sells his tobacco. I am sorry to say that Mr. S. B. Petty is dead, he was one of the best young men I ever saw, we all loved him. I believe he has gone to the land of rest where there is no more sickness and sorrow, and pain and death are felt and feared no more. I will answer Mollie Davis' question: Jacob was the man who wrestled with the angel of God. I will close with much love to all the cousins and little Addie.

As ever your niece,
ROBERTA POYTHRESS.

Roberta, we are glad you have written again. We believe all good children love to go to school. Do not get discouraged because you have a poor chance to go to Sunday school but work harder to improve yourself for your higher chances that will come later on.

Preamble and Resolutions of Respect

The mortality among the prominent men of our country for the past few months has been frightfully great. The grim reaper that garners for eternity has entered our Sabbath School and left behind him a vacant seat, draped in the drear and solemn emblems of grief and mourning. As a body our school has been called upon to place flowers upon the tomb of our beloved friend and co-worker the Rev. Robert Anthony Ricks, "soldier of the cross;" who in every department of life, never for a single moment deviated from the straight line of duty or faltered in the discharge of a single obligation. As a Christian, he was meek, sincere, practical, fervent. He possessed a Christian courage, a Christian charity, a Christian grace. His piety was liberal, just, beneficent. It shone in his daily life, in his kind words, and kinder deeds. And even now, as we bow in humble submission to the decrees of an all wise Providence, bending in mute sorrow o'er the untimely death of our esteemed friend and brother; the memory of his many virtues points with pride to the history of his life and bids us cumulate it.

Therefore be it resolved, on behalf of the Union Sunday School of the City of Burlington.

That in the untimely death of our deceased brother this school has sustained an irreparable loss.

That we deeply deplore the great loss sustained by the State at large, and by the Christian church of which he was an active and faithful pastor.

That our loss its indeed sorrowful when we think of him as the Christian gentleman whose heart overflowing with the tenderest sympathies of humanity made him the ever kind friend of the poor, wretched, and as the minister of our Holy Faith, dispensing the precious truths of eternal life to the sinful and wayward, ever ready to speak to them in gentleness and love the wise words of warning and counsel.

That we cordially extend to the family and relatives of the deceased, our sincere condolence and heartfelt sympathy in their sudden and afflictive bereavement.

That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be sent to the family of deceased and a copy to the *Burlington News* and *CHRISTIAN SUN*, for publication.

JAMES G. HOLT,
Z. M. FAUST,
W. H. CARROLL,
Committee.

Zion, Chatham Co., N. C.

March 27, 28, 29, 1891.

According to previous appointment for the district meeting to be held at this place, a few of us arrived at the church Friday evening. Religious exercises by Rev. G. R. Underwood after which the meeting was organized. Program was then taken up and, although there was but few present, most of the subjects were pretty thoroughly discussed. Saturday the congregation was much larger than on Friday. They kept coming all day. There were some very interesting speeches on the subjects under discussion that day. In the S. S. Mass Meeting Sunday morning, the following brethren made good speeches on the subjects annexed to their names.

J. W. Holt, What am I going to do? P. T. Klapp, Character; G. R. Underwood, Difficulties of the Sunday-school; W. G. Lasater, the Sunday-school; H. C. Farrell, duty of parents toward the Sunday-school. At 11 o'clock, dedication of the new church, sermon by Rev. P. T. Klapp, text: John 19th chapter and 11th verse.

Dinner. Then in the afternoon we heard another able sermon by Rev. J. W. Holt. Most of the very large congregation present on Sunday seemed to enjoy the sermons very much. W. T. M.

Theological Controversy.

It is to be regretted that theological controversy so often degenerates into personal bitterness. Says the *Christian Register*: "In all such discussions let there be no poisoned arrows; and it is well to remember that David, when he used his sling, did not fill it with mud, but with smooth stones from the brook, and he took aim for the giant's forehead, as if the intellect was the thing he meant to reach." It is hard for most of us to combat what seem erroneous views without dealing a blow now and then at the man who holds them. But if we have the spirit of Christ we will aim to lead our mistaken brother into the light rather than abuse him for being in darkness.—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

The Christian and the Saloon.

We are profoundly impressed with the fact, that a great sin is laid at the door of the church in regard to the matter of suppressing the liquor traffic. As churches, we cannot legislate on the question, but as individuals we can. There are enough Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, to say nothing of other Christian bodies to pass, at any time, a constitutional amendment, forever prohibiting its sale and manufacture in this State. This is our hope and as long as we are a citizen of the commonwealth we shall work and vote and pray to this end.

But there is a work nearer home and not so far in the future which each church member owes to himself, his neighbor and his God to do. We desire to point out specially some lines of action which we think the time, the circumstances and duty demand at the hands of the saints of God:

1. *No Christian should ever drink alcoholic stimulants as a beverage.* There is absolutely no excuse for it. The consequences are too dreadful to contemplate. Not only is such a Christian disgracing himself and God's cause, but is a stumbling block in the way of every sinner in the community. Brother, that red nose, flushed cheek and whiskey-tainted breath is a disgrace to you and your church. Either quit the church or quit the drink.

2. *No Christian should ever use his influence to establish or uphold the saloon.*

It has been publicly stated in meeting in our associations that members of our churches go on the bonds of saloon men and make oath that certain men are suitable persons and places are proper places. O, brother, how will you meet that before God's bar? Do you believe really that you are a Christian? If so you are also a witness for him. How can you influence, how can you bear testimony to such of the love and saving power of God?

Ah, friend, you can't do it, and you know it. You are to be a Christian, but every ungodly man in your community brands you as a hypocrite.

3. *No Christian should rent his property in which to sell the stuff or on which to manufacture it.*

How can you feel, O, brother, an approving conscience when you know in that house of yours the revelry of damnation is carried on? The saddest sight we ever saw in our mortal life was an old man with straggling, thin, grey locks, stand before the officers of the law pleading for a saloon, and yet, that man claimed to be a Christian.

Think on these things, friends. It is said John Randolph's highest praise of a neighbor that he did not like was, that in all his fortune there was not a dirty shilling.

What miserably dirty dollars those are, you handle for the rent you receive from the dram-seller. Every one of them is tainted and tarnished with the blood of souls. God help our people to see, and feel and work and live on these lines.—*Et.*

The Minister's Wife.

We see frequent allusion the hardships of ministers' wives. Indeed they have their trials. They have not only to look after the congregation, but the minister. The pastor's wife has to be the friendly critic of the husband's sermon and its delivery. If the preacher comes home with the suspicion that he has made a dead failure in his discourse, she has to persuade him that it was not as bad as he supposed; that he will yet hear of good done by it; that our weakest efforts may sometimes result in a great harvest; that she liked it better this time than when he preached it in the other settlements, etc. She has to stand between him and the door-bell; suppress unpleasant things brought to the house by pestiferous gossips; tear up insulting anonymous letters; and often, on a small salary, navigate a household around the Cape Horn of large expenses. But oh, the joys of being a minister's wife! Is she not generally the pet of the congregation? If she have culture and disposition, she will have more attention shown her than any other lady in the neighborhood receives. She is sought after, bowed to, and consulted on all sides. She has an open door to all the confidences of the people. In a word, no one has so fair a chance as she. She may sometimes complain about the hardships of her station, but she is really so well satisfied with her place that she would not exchange with any one else. We can think of no position more desirable than that of a minister's wife, except that of a minister. Trials—of course. What women are without them. Ever since Eve was down sick with eating too many harvest apples, woman has had troubles; but the parsonage is not the favorite place for their congregating. The merriest wives we have seen, all up and down the land, are ministers' companions. We congratulate the parsonages of Christendom!—*Christian Herald.*

Has no Rights.

Evil has no right before God or man. Men have rights. But no man has a right to do wrong. He has the personal liberty to join himself to an evil, but as evil has no rights when the evil is felled by the arm of justice he must suffer the consequences of his foolish partnership.

In dealing with the liquor traffic our aim should be to save the men from it if pos-

sible, but if they will not come out of this upas tree into which they have climbed, the sturdy hands of justice must fell it anyhow, for the longer it stands the more victims it demands. The taller it grows the more apt it is to crush in its fall, the foolish unfortunates that have clung to its branches.—*Anti-Liquor.*

In the name of boyhood bewildered and manhood betrayed; in the name of womanhood tortured and home violated and destroyed. I denounce high license as a crime in these high places of the nation, and pronounce upon it the anathema maranatha of the American home. It is the devil's counterfeit for the pure gold of Prohibition. It blinds men to moral destruction, sells them to the demon of expediency and sets its grinding heel upon the pure face of righteousness and truth. It merits the malediction uttered by gentlest lips that ever yet pronounced a curse.—*Frances E. Willard.*

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A LITTLE PILGRIM,

Or Jesus Paid the Fare.

This anecdote in rhyme has a history the half of which I cannot tell. It was picked up by an old man in my district much worn; and with God's blessing it did him real good. He read it to a dying woman, and through it she was lead to the Savior. It came into my hands and I had it printed, and 142,000 copies have already been circulated. Many pleasant letters have been sent to me telling glad tidings of its usefulness. Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, said the Lord of Hosts."—*J. Bennie.*

One summer's evening ere the sun went down.

When city men were hastening from the town.

To reach their home—some near at hand, some far—

By snorting train, by omnibus or car, To be beyond the reach of city's din—

A tram-car stopped, a little girl got in: A cheery looking girl scarce four years old;

Although not shy, her manners were not bold;

But all alone! one scarce could understand She held a little bundle in her hand—

A tiny handkerchief with corners tied, But which did but some bread and butter hide;

A satin, scarf so natty and so neat, Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,

And laid her bundle underneath her arm, And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,

She to the porter said. "May I lie here?" He answered instantly "Oh yes, my dear.

And there she seemed inclined to make her stay.

While once again the tram went on its way. The tall conductor—over six feet high—

Now scanned the travelers with a business eye;

But in that eye was something kind and mild,

That took the notice of the little child. A little after and the man went round.

And soon was heard the old familiar sound Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too—

The train was full and he had much to do. "Your fare, my little girl," at length he said.

She looked a moment, shook her little head, "I have no pennies; don't you know said she,

"My fare is paid and Jesus paid it for me?" He looked bewildered—all the people smiled.

"I didn't know. And who is Jesus child?" "Why, don't you know he once for sinners died.

For little children and for men beside, To make us good, and wash us from our sin—

Is this his railway I'm traveling in?" "Don't think it is; I want your fare, you know."

"I told you Jesus paid it long ago. My mother told me just before she died

That Jesus paid when he was crucified; That at the cross his railway did begin,

Which took poor sinners from this world of sin

My mother said his home was grand and fair;

I want to go and see my mother there—I want to go to heaven, where Jesus lives.

Won't you go too? My mother said he gives A loving welcome. Shall we not be late?

O, let us go before he shuts the gate: He bids us little children come to him."

The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim He knew not why—he fumbled at his coat

And felt a substance rising in his throat. The people listened to the little child,

Some were in tears; the roughest only smiled—

And some one whispered as they looked amazed:

"Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."

"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing; "I am going to heaven. My mother used to sing

To me of Jesus and his Father's love. Told me to meet her in his home above,

And so to-day when aunt went out to tea, And looking out I could no father see,

I got my bundle, kissed my little kit. (I am so hungry—won't you have a bit?)

And got my hat, and then I left my home A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam;

And then your carriage stopped, and I could see

You looked so kind. I saw you beckon to me. I thought you must belong to Jesus's train.

And are you just going home to heaven again?"

The poor conductor only shook his head: Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled.

Had conscience by her prattle roused his fears,

And struck upon the fountain of his tears, And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl?

At last he said, "Once I'd a little girl, I loved her much; she was my little pet;

And with great fondness I remember yet How much she loved me. But one day she died"

"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied.

"She's gone to Jesus, Jesus paid the fare Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"

The poor conductor now broke fairly down: He could not have born the harshest look or frown,

But no one laughed, but many sitting by Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.

He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.

"I am so sleepy," said the little one, "If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait

Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate. Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock

And at the gate give just one little knock And you'll see Jesus there." The strong man wept.

I could but think as from the car I stepped How oft a little one has found the road.

The narrow pathway to that blest abode Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,

While learned men remain in doubt and fear. A little child; the Lord oft uses such.

To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch.

Then by his spirit bids the conflict cease, And once forever enter into peace.

And then along the road the news we bear We're going to heaven—that Jesus paid our fare.

SPECIAL SALE

BEGINNING

Wednesday, February 11th.

Our first SPECIAL SALE for 1891 will open on WEDNESDAY, FEBRU-

ARY 11, at 10 o'clock a.m., and

CONTINUE ONLY

TEN DAYS.

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There are some goods in our cloak department which are extremely desirable. Seal Plush Jackets, Seal Plush Sacques, Cloth Jackets, Long and Short Wraps, all of which will be marked down to close.

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The best line of Ladies, Gents, Misses and Children's Shoes yet offered, in Ziegler's, Hanan's, Saller Lewin's, and many other makes will come to the front among the inducements.

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Permit us to add that, as we conduct these sweeping-out sales at least twice each year, you are not in danger of getting old, shop-worn stock.

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Yours very truly,

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What He Had Made.

"I have made near one thousand dollars during the last three months, said a rum seller boastfully to a crowd of his townsmen. "You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener. "What is that?" was the quick response. "You have made wretched homes—woman and children poor, sick and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker with trembling earnestness. "You made the younger one of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken hearted woman. O yes; you have made much—much more than I can reckon up; you'll get the full amount some day."—*Church Herald*.

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Warren Plains,	7 14	1 39	
Macon,	7 22	1 46	
Arrive Weldon.	8 30	2 45 p m	

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Daily ex. Sun.		
Daily.		
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Macon,	1 13	7 06
Warren Plains,	1 20 p m	7 15

Henderson,	2 22	7 53
Kittrell,	2 39	8 11
Franklinton,	2 56	8 29
Wake,	3 17	8 50
Mill Brook,	3 40	9 15
Arrive Raleigh,	3 55	9 30

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Merry Oaks,	4 54	11 28
Moncure,	5 05	12 10 p m
Sanford,	5 23	2 10
Cameron,	5 54	4 20
Southern Pines,	6 21	5 35
Arrive Hamlet,	7 20 p m	8 10 p m
Leave "	7 40 p m	
" Ghio	7 50 p m	
Arrive Gibson	8 15 p m	

Going North.

	NO. 38	NO. 4.
	Passenger & Mail.	Freight & Passenger
Leave Gibson	7 00 a m	a m
Leave Ghio,	7 18	
Arrive Hamlet,	7 38	
Leave "	8 00	5 00
Southern Pines,	8 58	7 40
Cameron,	9 26	9 31
Sanford,	9 52	10 55
Moncure,	10 16	12 10 p m
Merry Oaks,	10 26	12 50
Cary,	11 01	2 45
Arrive Raleigh,	11 20 a m	3 20

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Programme.

Of the ministers and Laymen's meeting of the Deep River Christian Conference.
PLACE:—Shiloh, Randolph Co., N. C.
TIME:—May 30th and 31st, 1891.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY.

- 10:00 a m, Devotional exercises led by Rev. J. S. Lawrence. Election of officers.
10:30 a m, How to interest young people in church work, by Rev. W. R. Brown, J. A. Webster, E. H. Jarrell, and J. M. Way.
11:00 a m, Can a church prosper and not read the church paper? Bros. J. R. Parks, C. H. Welch and Revs. H. T. Moffitt, W. M. Craven and W. R. Brown. A. C. Cooper.
11:45 a m, Why we hold the Ministers and Laymen's Council, by Rev W. W. Hayworth, W. B. Richardson and Bro. B. S. Moffitt.
12 m, Preaching by Rev. J. S. Lawaence.

DINNER

- 2:00 p.m, Pastoral work and what is the pastor's duty as to it, by Revs. W. W. Lawrence, S. H. Way, H. A. Albright, J. W. Patton and Bros. P. C. Humble, D. F. Way
2:30 p.m, Our Educational Institutions and how they benefit the people by Rev. W. B. Richardson, W. W. Hayworth and Bros. J. R. Parks and C. H. Welch
3:00 p.m, How can we best meet the Evils of Intemperance by Revs. H. A. Albright, J. S. Lawrence, W. R. Brown, E. H. Jarrell and S. H. Way, A. J. Cooper
4:45 p.m Miscellaneous business. Adjourn.

SUNDAY

- 9:30 a m Sunday School Mass meeting the leader to be appointed Saturday.
11 a m, Sermon by Rev P. T. Way.

DINNER

- 2:00 pm, Sermon by Rev. W. R. Brown. A full attendance is greatly desired. Let the ministers see that all their charges are respresented and especially all that are on the programme be present.
J. W. PATTON, Sec'y.

Rates.

Greensboro Female College Commencement Greensboro, N. C. For above occasion the Richmond and Danville Rail Road will sell to Greensboro, N. C., and return at the following rates from points named. Tickets on sale May 25, 26 and 27 limit May 30, '91. From Charlotte, N. C., \$4.35; Winston-Salem, \$1.50; Durham, \$2.70; Henderson, \$4.50; Raleigh, \$3.95; Selma, \$5.45. Rates intermediate points in same proportion.

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